EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown."
RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

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BY ALEXANDER GRAHAM,
AT TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS Per Annum, payable half yearly in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS
Not exceeding a square inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

De La Monterat's Columbian
VEGETABLE SPECIFIC
For Coughs, Colds, Consumptions and Pulmonary affections of any kind.
FOR SALE AT THE DRUG STORE OF
DR. SAMUEL W. SPENCER.

De La Monterat's Columbian Vegetable Specific has stood the test of experience and proved itself the most valuable remedy ever discovered for the cure of Consumption and pulmonary affections of every kind.

The following certificates just received from a highly respectable gentleman will show its value.

GENTLEMEN—I feel it my duty to acknowledge the great benefit I have derived from the use of De La Monterat's Columbian Vegetable Specific. I do not like to speak of the Medicine in the exalted terms in which I estimate it, I will therefore briefly as possible, give a history of my own situation, with the effects produced by this valuable medicine. I have been for the last five or six years labouring under a pulmonary Consumption, pronounced to be such by the attending Physician, during which time I have consulted many Physicians. Taken much medicine, but all to but little purpose. The 12th of March, 1828, I puked blood for the first time, and continued so to do for several days in succession, and on the 14th of the same month, was confined to my bed, where I lay for two months until I was reduced to such a state of debility, that my friends began to despair of my recovery. I had made use also of all the popular remedies without benefit, and having accidentally heard of this Specific I determined to give it a trial, anticipating from the use of it, no better result than had attended the use of all the remedies I had taken; but in this I was happily disappointed. At my very lowest state I commenced the use of this specific, I took the first dose at night in a little herb tea sweetened, which threw me in a gentle perspiration & procured for me a good nights rest. I continued to take the medicine, as directed, and in about five days my cough was completely stopped and have not had any return since. I am now perfectly satisfied of the superior quality of this specific over every other medicine offered for the cure of the above disease. You are at liberty to use this letter in any way you may think proper. Yours respectfully,

Signed JOHN R. ELLICOTT.
Lancaster County, Pa. March 5th, 1829.
Messrs Boyd & Higgings,

COPY.—The following certificate is received from an agent in N. York, which is from a respectable lady of that city.

SIR—To withhold from public knowledge a manifest fact of the utility and perfect cure affected by the use of De La Monterat's Columbian Vegetable Specific, would be ungrateful, as long as it is a duty incumbent upon every one to facilitate the comfort of the afflicted. caught a most violent cold which affected my breast and lungs so much, I could scarcely speak for nearly three months at the same time accompanied with frequent discharges from my lungs. I had recourse to many medicines without the least effect, when upon hearing of the above specific I was induced to obtain some of it, and procured one bottle which afforded me considerable relief. I purchased the second, and before using the two-thirds of the bottle, I was restored to perfect health. I am fully persuaded it has not its parallel in the world, for the cure of those afflicted with asthma coughs, or other consumptive affections.

(Signed) SARAH A. PEALE.
New York, September 2d 1829.

DR. CHAPMAN'S ANTI DYSPEPTIC OR SOUR STOMACH PILL.—The following certificate is from Dr. Walter C. Cohen, late member of the American Philosophical Society, &c.

I cheerfully add my testimony in favor of Dr. Chapman's Anti Dyspeptic Pill, as a remedy for Dyspeptia, and the experience I have had from using them in my practice for several months past, fully convinces me that they are equal and in many cases superior to any preparation I have ever known. And in all cases where the stomach and bowels require evacuation by the intervention of a cathartic, they are in my opinion the most convenient and efficacious pill of any in use. At the same time being safe and easy in their operation

WALTER C. COHEN, M. D.
Philad. Sept. 14, 1829.

N. B. To prevent imposition, the signature of James Chapman, Jr. will accompany each bill of direction. Price $1.00.

PEPERINE & the oil of Black Pepper remedies for the Ague and Fever, also for sale by
Oct. 10 S. W. SPENCER.

$20 REWARD.

RUNAWAY from the subscriber, living near Easton, Talbot county, (Md.) about the middle of MAY last, a negro Boy who calls himself

HENRY WILLSON,

about 17 or 18 years of age, of rather a dark complexion, 5 feet, 4 or 5 inches high, had on when he runaway, a kersey jacket and Trowsers, Tow Linnen shirt and wool hat, all nearly new—it is supposed that he has made his way to Baltimore, as his Father & Mother both resides there, whosoever will take up the said negro, and return him to me, or lodge him in any Jail in this state so that I get him again, shall receive the above reward.

WM. BENNY, Jr.
Talbot Co. aug. 15

PRINTING
Of every description handsomely executed at this OFFICE AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

THE BORDERERS.

We ascertained immediately after last week's paper went to press that Mr. Cooper's new work, announced in England by this title, was the same advertised as forthcoming here under the name of The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish. The title page will unite the two.—We make one short extract from a striking scene, when the settlements was attacked by the Indians. Miantonimoh, the native youth was a prisoner and had been in some degree softened by kindness.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

"Whoops and yells were incessantly ringing around the place, while the loud and often repeated tones of a conch betrayed the artifice by which the savages had so often endeavoured in the earlier part of the night, to lure the garrison out of the palisadoes. A few scattering shot discharged with deliberation, and from every exposed point within the works, proclaimed both the coolness and the vigilance of the defendants. The little gun in the back house was silent, for the puritan knew too well its real power to lessen its reputation by a too frequent use. The weapon was therefore reserved for those moments of pressing danger that would be sure to arrive. On this spectacle Ruth gazed in fearful sadness. The long sustained and sylvan security of her abode was violently destroyed, and in the place of a quiet, which had approached, as near as may be on earth to that holy peace for which her spirit strove, she and all she most loved were suddenly confronted to the most frightful exhibition of human horrors. In such a moment, the feelings of a mother were likely to revive; and ere time was given for reflection, aided by the light of conflagration, the matron was moving swiftly through the intricate passages of the dwelling, in quest of those whom she had placed in the security of the chambers.—"Thou hast remembered to avoid looking on the fields, my children," said the nearly breathless woman as she entered the room. "Be thankful, babes; hitherto the efforts of the savages have been vain, and we still remain masters of our habitations." "Why is the night so red? Come hither, mother, thou mayest look into the wood as if the sun were shining!" "The heathens have fired our granaries, and what thou seest is the light of the flames. But happily they cannot put a brand into the dwellings while thy father and the young men stand to their weapons. We must be grateful for this security, frail as it seemeth. Thou hast knelt my Ruth, and hast remembered to think of thy father and brother in thy prayers?" "I will do so again my mother," whispered the child bending to her knees, and wrapping her young features in the garment of the matron. "Why hide thy countenance? One, young and innocent as thou, may lift thine eyes to Heaven with confidence." "Mother, I see the Indian, unless my face be hid. He looketh at me, I fear, with wish to do us harm." "Thou art not just to Miantonimoh, child," answered Ruth as she glanced her eye rapidly round to seek the boy, who had modestly withdrawn into a remote and shadowed corner of the room. "I left him with thee for a guardian, and not as one who would wish to injure.—Now think of thy God, child," imprinting a kiss on the cold marble-like forehead of her daughter, "and have reliance on his goodness. Miantonimoh, I again leave you with a charge to be their protector," she added quitting her daughter, and advancing towards the youth. "Mother!" shrieked the child, "come to me, or I die!" Ruth turned from the listening captive with the quickness of instinct.—A glance shewed her the jeopardy of her offspring. A naked savage, dark, powerful of frame, and fierce, in the frightful masquerade of his war paint, stood winding the silken hair of the girl in one hand, while he already held the glittering axe above a head that seemed inevitably devoted to destruction. Mercy! mercy!" exclaimed Ruth, hoarse with horror and dropping to her knees, as much from inability to stand as with intent to petition. "Monster! strike me, but spare the child!" The eyes of the Indian rolled over the person of the speaker, but it was with an expression that seemed rather to enumerate the number of his victims, than to announce any change of purpose. With a fiend-like coolness that bespoke much knowledge of the ruthless practice, he again swung the quivering but speechless child in the air and prepared to direct the weapon with a full certainty of aim. The tomahawk had made its last circuit, and an instant would have decided the fate of the victim, when the captive boy stood in front of the frightful actor in this revolting scene. By a quick forward movement of his arm the blow was arrested. The deep guttural ejaculation, which betrays the surprise of an Indian broke from the chest of the savage, while his hand fell to his side, and the form of the suspended girl was suffered again to touch the floor. The look and the gesture with which the boy had interfered expressed authority rather than resentment or horror. His air was calm collected, and, as it appeared by the effect, imposing.—"Go," he said, in the language of the fierce people from whom he had sprung; "the warriors of the pale men are calling thee by name." The snow is red with the blood of our young men," the other fiercely answered "and not a scalp is at the belt of my people." "These are mine," returned the boy, with dignity, sweeping his arm while speaking, in a manner to shew that he extended protection to all present.—The warrior gazed about him grimly, and like one but half convinced. He had incurred a danger too fearful, in entering the stockade to be easily diverted from his purpose. "Listen!" he continued after a short pause, during which the artillery of the Puritan had again bellowed in the uproar without. "The thunder is with the Yengeese!—Our young women will look another way, and call us Pequots, should there be no scalps on our pole. For a single moment the countenance of the boy changed and his resolution seemed to waver. The other, who watched his eyes with longing eagerness again seized his victim by the hair, when Ruth shrieked in the accents of despair—"Boy boy! if thou art not with us God hath deserted us!" "She is mine!" burst fiercely from the lips of the lad.—"Hear my words, Wompahwisset; the blood of my father is very warm within me." The mother paused and the blow was once more suspended. The glaring eyeballs of the savage rested intently on the swelling form and stern countenance of the young hero, whose uplifted hand appeared to menace instant punishment, should he dare to disregard mediation. The lips of the warrior severed, and the word "Miantonimoh" was uttered as softly as if it recalled a feeling of sorrow. Then, as a sudden burst of yells rose above the roar of the conflagration, the fierce Indian turned in his tracks, and abandoning the trembling and nearly insensible, child, he bounded away like a hound loosened on a fresh scent of blood. "Boy! boy!" murmured the mother; "Heathen or Christian, there is One that will bless thee:—*ib.*

A SATIRE—FROM THE SPANISH.

History of an Infant that died three days old.

We translate the following little satire from the Diario Mercantile de Cadiz:

I salute you, ye venerable dead, among whom I come to rest after a disagreeable existence of three days. You suppose that a creature of so tender an age has no knowledge or reflection but you are deceived. In order to recount to you my sad but brief history, I will examine the traces which the events of my life have left impressed on the tender substance of my brain. I was, by accident, born of a woman rich but somewhat coquetish and presuming. To this circumstance I owe, without doubt the short duration of my life—the felicity of having died. When I first entered into life I was surprised to hear an alarming noise, and upon opening my eyes, found myself in the arms of a greasy and ugly old woman, I was alarmed and began to cry. This was, in truth, a good augury. Afterwards a gentleman, very fat and of mature age, took me, put on his spectacles and after having examined me for a brief space to see if he could recognize in me any of his features, he released me with perfect indifference. This was undoubtedly my papa. There then entered a number of persons crying out, An heir! an heir! After this a young woman who lay in bed, took me in her arms kissed me, & covered me with so many caresses that she sometimes took from me the power of respiration. This was my mama. To increase my misfortunes the old woman returned, wrapped me up in linen, and folded me up in swaddling clothes and ligatures, in such a manner that I was left entirely without the power of motion. What pains did I then suffer! And though I complained no one paid any attention to my complaints each one attributing it to a different cause, and to none did it occur that it arose from my being so cruelly treated. In order that my mamma might not be incommoded by suckling me, or spoil her beauty, as they said, I was delivered over to the care of a nurse, who in order to make me sleep and rest quiet put me in a kind of crib, or box, giving me an oscillating motion so violent that it turned my brain topsy turvy, and the more I cried the more that unfeeling woman increased the motion of the crib, untill finally she left me unregarded. This cruel operation affected my health and they called in two physicians, who after a very warm dispute agreed to administer to me a bitter draught, and one so efficacious, that in a few hours I was released from the ties of life, the crib, and the many other vexations which I had experienced in the brief term of my existence. To this friendly draught I owe the good fortune of being with you and of not having been martyred by nurses and servants at the age of five, by pedants at ten, by women at thirty and by my wife at fifty; without mentioning ambition, gambling, malice, envy, disease and other physical and moral evils which beset human life.

From the Journal of Health.

THE EXPERIENCE OF HOWARD.

With the name and character of the philanthropic Howard, all our readers must be intimately acquainted. The following extracts from a communication made by him to Mr. Pratt, exhibit the result of his experience as to the best means of preserving the health and vigour of the body.

"A more 'puny whipster' than myself in the days of my youth, was never seen. I could not walk out in the evening without being wrapped up; I could not put on my linen without its being aired: I was politely speaking, enfeebled enough to have *delicate nerves*, and was, occasionally, troubled with a very genteel hectic. To be serious, I am convinced, that whatever enfeebles the body debilitates the mind, and renders both unfit for those exertions which are of such use to us all as social beings. I therefore entered upon a reform of my constitution, and have succeeded in such a degree, that I have neither had a cough, cold, the vapours, nor any more alarming disorder, since I surmounted the seasoning Prior to this, I used to be a miserable dependant on wind and weather; a little too much of the one, or a slight inclemency of the other, would postpone, and frequently prevent, not only my amusements, but my duties: or, if pressed by my affections or by the necessity of affairs, I did venture forth in despite of the elements, the consequences were equally absurd and incommodious, not seldom afflictive. I muffled up even to my nostrils; a crack in the glass of my chaise was sufficient to distress me; a sudden slope of the wheels to the right or left, set me a trembling; a jolt seemed like a dislocation, and the sight of a bank or a precipice, near which my horse or carriage was to pass, would disorder me so much, that I would order the driver to stop, that I might get out and walk by the difficult places. Mulled wines, spirituous cordials, and large fires, were to comfort me, and to keep out the cold, as it is called, at every stage and if I felt the least damp in my feet, or other parts of my body, dry stockings, linen, &c. were to be instantly put on: the perils of the day were to be baffled by something taken hot on going to bed; and before I pursued my journey, the next morning a dram was to be swallowed, in order to fortify the stomach. In a word, I lived, moved, and had my being so much by rule, that the slightest deviation was a disease.

"Every man must, in these cases, be his own physician. He must prescribe for and practise on himself. I did this by a very simple, but as you will think, a very severe regimen, namely, by denying myself almost every thing in which I had long indulged. But as it is always harder to get rid of a bad habit, than to contract it, I entered on my reform gradually; that is to say, I began to diminish my usual indulgencies by degrees. I found that a heavy meal, or a hearty one as it is termed, and cheerful glass, that is one more than does you good, made me incapable, or at least, disinclined to any useful exertions for some time after dinner hours; and if the dilutive powers of tea assisted the work of a disturbed digestion, so far as to restore my faculties, a luxurious supper came in so close upon it, that I was fit for nothing but dissipation, till I went to a luxurious bed, where I finished the enervating practices, by sleeping eight, ten, and sometimes a dozen hours on the stretch. You will not wonder that I rose the next morning with the solids relaxed, the juices thickened, and the constitution weakened.

"To remedy all this, I ate a little less at every meal, and reduced my drink in proportion. It is really wonderful to consider, how imperceptibly a single morsel of animal food, and a tea-spoonful of liquor deducted from the usual quantity daily, will restore the mental functions without any injury to the corporeal—nay with increase of vigour to both. I brought myself, in the first instance, from dining on many dishes, to dining on a few, and then to being satisfied with one; in like manner, instead of drinking a variety of wines, I made my election of a single sort, and adhered to it alone.

"My next business was to eat and drink sparingly of that adopted dish and bottle. My ease, vivacity, health, and spirits augmented. My clothing, &c. underwent a similar reform; the effect of all which is, and has been for many years, that I am neither affected by seeing my carriage dragged up a mountain or driven down a valley. If an accident happens, I am prepared for it, I mean so far as respects unnecessary terrors; and I am proof against all changes in the atmosphere, wet clothes, damp feet, night air, transitions from heat to cold, and the long train of hypochondria affections."

In his 83d year, Mr. Howard was in the full possession of his mental and physical powers. He, however, accidentally contracted a malignant fever whilst visiting the sick in an infected district, which terminated his life in a few days.

NOVEMBER.—This is the month in which the inhabitants of Old England hang themselves, and those of New England feast on all their most delicious fruits and inhale their mildest and most exhilerating atmosphere; and woe is unto the wight who does not avail himself of this season to throw off the remains of summer sickness, and prepare to resist that of the approaching winter.—There are in October and November, none of those rapid changes in the temperature of different parts of the day, which are such fruitful sources of dysentery & fever. The tone of the stomach, which in September had been so much diminished by the heat of the preceding months as to render indulgence in the luxuries of the season dangerous, and even exercise in the open air critical is now restored by the fresh breezes from the west, and the agreeable and uniform coolness of the atmosphere. The temptations which the season offers to gratify the whims of the appetite, are no avenues to disease, and the clear glory of the heavens invites to exercise and enjoyments, with advantage rather than danger.

It is an undoubted fact that those men live longest, who are the last to shut themselves up and put on an additional clothing in the autumn, and the last to leave it off and expose themselves in the spring. The coldness of November is dry and bracing; it increases the warmth of the body by quickening the circulation, and thus renders an outer garment unnecessary, except in the evening, or on days that are unpleasant; the coldness of the spring is damp and enervating—it depresses instead of cheering the spirits, renders the circulation languid, and extra clothing indispensable to comfort as well as to health.

In the winter, typhus fever is the most common complaint; its subjects are chiefly those whose habit is debilitated, or whose spirits are depressed; and we have suggested these ideas to our readers—not only with a view to their immediate benefit, but also by way of precaution lest the time for recruiting and enjoying should be allowed to pass away unimproved, and the chill blasts of winter come and convert their houses into hospitals—their enervated frames to be the victims of disease.—*Med. Intel.*

Smoky Chimnies.—The following notice of a newly invented tub for the correction of smoky chimnies, is worthy of the attention of those who may be despoiled of the comfort of a pleasant fire side, by this greatest of all the annoyances of housekeeping.

"*Smoke Disperser of M. Millet.* (Bull Soc. Enc.)—A report upon this apparatus, made by M. Dorosne, speaks favorably of its powers. The apparatus is simple consisting of a kind of tub, pierced with a great number of holes, having the buts outwards. It has been taken in to practice by many persons. In order to prove its efficacy, one of them was fixed on the top of the funnel pipe of a stove, and a very close smoky fire made below. By means of a ventilator an artificial wind was then made to strike directly and powerfully on the smoke disperser for the purpose of driving the current downwards and making the stove smoke; but neither by this, nor even additional means, could any effect of the kind be produced. The committee could not explain the effect, except by supposing that the cylindrical form of the apparatus, presenting only a small surface to the action of the wind, was favorable, and that the form of the small apertures in this cylinder, occasioning a great number of contrary currents, produced almost a perfect neutralization of the force of the wind. Whatever may be the cause, the apparatus offers a cheap and effectual remedy for smoky chimnies, when this fault in them, is dependent upon the pressure exerted by winds upon the upper aperture of the flue.—*Quar. Jour. of Sci. &c. Jan. to June*, 1829."

AN INGENIOUS APOLOGY.

"Why," said a country clergyman to one of his flock, "do you always snore in your pew when I am in the pulpit, while you are all attention to every stranger I invite?" Because, Sir when you preach I am sure all's right; but I can't trust a stranger without keeping a good look out.

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